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VIEWS AND INTERVIEWS

Brief Local Paragraphs of More or Less Interest.

PICKED UP BY ENQUIRER REPORTERS

Stories Concerning Folks and Things, Some of Which You Know and Some You Don't Know—Condensed For Quick Reading.

Talking the other day to Fred M. Allen, secretary of the Gastonia chamber of commerce, and if there is anybody who thinks Mr. Allen is not some live wire, that is because they don't know him.

Among other things the conversation drifted onto the road question. It is hardly fair to say "drifted." It would be more accurate to say that the conversation was "directed" to the road question.

After explaining that Gaston county was building black surface concrete roads from Gastonia to each adjoining county line, with a view to later turning these roads over to the state for maintainance, Mr. Allen said among other things:

"Oh yes, I have heard that argument as to the levying the bulk of the road tax on abutting property; but that's no account. You don't have to levy the tax on the abutting property. All you have to do is to build the road, and the proposition will regulate itself, and do it most equitably. Does not the building of a good road enhance the value of the property through or by which it runs? Of course it does, and with this enhancement of value comes an increased tax assessment, and there you have the solution of the whole thing. There is nothing arbitrary about the matter at all. It regulates itself."

Too Much For Their Nerves.

"If they are going to tell it at all, they will tell it at the clanking of the bars that unfasten the jail door," said Deputy Sheriff T. D. Quinn to Views and Interviews last Wednesday morning. "I have noticed it for a long time and it has been my observation that more of them break down at the jail door than anywhere else."

They had arrested a little negro named Anderson on the street for violation of the prohibition law. The boy had approached a white man with an offer to sell him liquor. Pretending that he must have a check cashed before he could buy, the white man walked through the courthouse and put the sheriff wise. On arresting the negro, the sheriff found an empty pop bottle on his person; but no liquor. In a barrel nearby, however, was found another bottle full of whiskey.

Deputy Quinn was holding the boy during the search, and the boy was protesting his innocence with tears; but the circumstances were such as to lead the officers to put the fellow up, and when the deputy began unlocking the jail door, the boy came clean with it.

"Yes, I am going to tell the truth about it," he said, "that was my whiskey that they found in the barrel and I was trying to sell it to that man."

"I have hardly ever known it to fail," repeated Deputy Quinn. "If they are going to tell it at all, they will tell it while we are unlocking the doors to the cells. There seems to be something about the process that makes them break down and come across."

Judge James E. Peurifoy.

It was my singular good fortune to come into pretty close and intimate contact with Judge James E. Peurifoy the several weeks his Honor has been presiding over the November term of the circuit court for York county. In a way, Judge Peurifoy is an old acquaintance. I first met him some seventeen or eighteen years ago when he was editor and proprietor of the Walterboro Press and Standard, and although he did not continue long in the newspaper business, because of his subsequent prominence as lawyer, legislator and circuit judge I have been able to keep track of him pretty well ever since. These considerations naturally added to the pleasure of a renewal of his acquaintance, and the splendid worth of the man made renewed association with him especially enjoyable.

The talks I had with Judge Peurifoy were not for publication of course, no more so than any ordinary conversation between friends, and what I am printing here is on my own responsibility and discretion, without his permission. But he said some things that I think ought to be made public, and I am going to make it public. If the judge wants to call me down about it, why I will just accept his reproaches with due contrition, and try to be more careful next time.

Speaking of conditions one night as he saw them in this county, Judge Peurifoy said:

"My dear sir, you ought to be proud, and you have a right to be proud, of the superior citizenship you have in this county. I have been all over the state now, and I know probably better than you can realize. I have been impressed with the character, quality and self-reliant intelligence of your county officers. No, I do not know them all intimately; but I am sure I am not mistaken, for I have seen too much along that line. They are all upstanding men, well representative of the kind of citizenship with which I have been impressed. And your jurors, I don't think I have ever seen the like—almost without exception high-class men the equal of anybody, serving not because they want to but as a matter of duty, and concerned only about the conscientious discharge of that duty in accordance with the law and evidence. Why, my dear sir, it is an inspiration; it makes me proud. If you had seen what I have seen, you would more fully understand what I mean."

Naturally I sympathized with Judge Peurifoy because of the conditions which were impelling him to quit the bench and told him what I feel—that the state can ill afford to lose his services. It is evident that his resignation has been handed in with great reluctance. He is not sure that he should quit, no matter what the consequence; but here is the way he put it.

"For quite a while I have been following the practice of having my physician to give me a thorough going over each year. As yet he has found no constitutional disorder, and I do not feel that my health is in any way precarious up to this time. But because of the nature of the work—its physical hardship, mental anxiety, separation from home associations, and the like, I cannot hope for more than a slight chance of escaping the penalties that have befallen so many others under the same conditions, and it is a question of going on and breaking down, or quitting now and returning to my home, where I will be more free for a life in the open where I will have a better opportunity to conserve my health. So I feel that I have decided the matter as best I could with due regard to those who have the first claims on me. But of course as to whether I am doing the right thing, we cannot know."

Continuing Judge Peurifoy said that he has hopes of being able to help reform certain evils he has observed in the administration of the laws. For one thing he wants to separate the general sessions and common pleas courts entirely, both below and above. He thinks this can be arranged so as to contribute to the swifter and surer enforcement of the laws, and that it will also see the reform of criminal procedure in certain important particulars. For one thing he would confine peremptory challenges of jurors to two or three and allow the state the same number that are allowed to the defense. Also he would expedite the appeal procedure and eliminate unnecessary delay in the execution of a just sentence.

DR. BROWN UP STAIRS

Irvin Cobb's Impression of the Confederate Soldier.

Extracts from an address delivered by Irvin S. Cobb at the U. C. V. reunion in Birmingham, Ala., May 16, 1916.

"I do not remember the confederate soldier with the gleam of battle in his eye. I have known him as a man of peace and to my mind the typical picture of the Southern soldier is not a man in shoulder straps. I picture him as he is pictured as the central character in a little story I shall now relate.

"After the war this man returned to his home in a little country town and began the practice of medicine. Because of his unkempt and meagre condition, the well-to-dos had small need for his services. But the needy knew and loved him because, they realized that behind the gnarled hands that fought throughout the war, was ability and that beneath the tousled and twisted head was a skilled brain.

"The doctor being of small means, could not afford a nice office so he fixed himself up in a little musty stand over the livery stable, and down below he placed a board on the hitching post, reading, 'Dr. Brown, upstairs.'

"But one evening his comrades looked for him in vain. They sought him in his office, but they found that the wrinkled hands had ceased to pick the coverlet and the head was at rest on the pillow.

"Those who loved him were not wealthy people, but they buried him with honor and searched for funds to build a monument to him. The funds were not to be found among them, however, and then one of them had an inspiration. It was to take the old hitching post from the front of the stable and put it over the grave. This was done and until the rain obliterated and the sun drew away the letters, the monument stood there, reading, 'Dr. Brown, upstairs.'

"And that is the way I think of every Confederate soldier—who had gone before. They are all—upstairs."

—The sensational damage case of Miss Frances Cleveland Birkhead, stenographer, against Governor Lee M. Russell, which has been stirring the state of Mississippi for several months, came to a close in the United States district court at Oxford last Monday with a verdict for the defendant. Miss Birkhead was suing for $100,000 damages, charging seduction and injury to health because of an alleged illegal operation, for which she charged responsibility to the defendant. The governor denied all charges, and introduced many witnesses to show that the defendant's reputation had had nothing to lose all along. Also he charged that the suit was brought for political purposes, mainly in order to ruin his own career, and introduced many witnesses to prove the allegation. All of the jurors were married men, some of them quite elderly. The jury remained out only 28 minutes before returning with its verdict.

GOVERNOR TIM HEALY

Side Lights and Flash Lights on Noted Irishman.

HAS WIDE REPUTATION AS A FIGHTER

With Record of Bitter Opposition to Britain, Free Staters Think He is All Right; But as to How He Will Get Along With Those Who Want Republic Remains for the Future.

Following is an interesting character sketch of the First Governor General of the Irish Free State, who was recently appointed by King George without being required to kiss the king's hand, that observance having been waived by his majesty out of consideration of the feelings of those numerous Irishmen who so bitterly hate Great Britain. The sketch was written by Samuel McCoy for the New York World.

Those older Irishmen who used delightedly to watch Tim Healy at his accustomed recreation of chewing the British lion to bits will say:

"Sure, 'tis plain to be seen why the king wudn't let Tim Healy come near him afther he had med Tim the firrst Governor General av th' Free State. 'Twas afraid, he was, if he give Tim his hand to kiss, Tim wud bite it!"

Those younger Irishmen who insist that the Free State is only a mask for British rule and who with bitter tears of disappointment in their eyes are still fighting for a republic will say:

"If King George didn't ask Tim Healy to kiss his hand, 'twas only because Tim had done it already!"

But it isn't a thing to joke about, either way. The Free State began this week its formal existence, and Ireland, with the first parliament elected by a majority of its own people in its thousands of years of history, is ostensibly free to govern itself as it will. But there is no rejoicing in Ireland nevertheless.

So long as the young men who will be content with nothing less than a republic—and there are many of them—continue to fire at those who are satisfied with the present form of government, life in Ireland can be little better than a ghastly nightmare.

Will it be a nightmare to Tim Healy?

Tim Healy is nearly sixty-eight years old. He was christened Timothy Michael Healy when he was born, in 1855; but no one ever knew him, except as Tim. Until the young Sinn Feiners shouldered him out of place six years ago there was only one Tim in all Ireland, just as there was only one Teddy in all America. He is that sort of man.

Now, after a silence of four years, he has suddenly emerged once more—and as the first Governor General of the new government of Ireland, the connecting link between the Irish parliament and people and the British crown.

When, less than two years ago, I first drove through the shaded avenues of Phoenix Park in Dublin to call officially upon Lord French, then Viceroy of Ireland, I could not have realized, nor could any one in Ireland, that within two years the post of viceroy would have been abolished forever and that the viceregal lodge would be occupied by an Irishman who had been born in a little cottage in "rebel Cork."

Could Tim himself have dreamed it?

Tim Healy's father was a poor man. He had had a thankless job, that of guardian of the poorhouse at Bantry, a town on the Atlantic fringe of Southwestern Ireland. There in Bantry Tim was born. And by the way, it was not many miles from Bantry that poor Michael Collins, nearly forty years later, was born, to become an even greater figure in Irish history than Tim Healy.

Little Tim—he was Tiny Tim then, God bless us all!—saw plenty of misery around his father's cottage. He saw the poor folk who had been driven from their farms by the unbearable burden of rent come tottering to the poorhouse. He saw the wretched victims of famine years. They haunted him all his life and for them he fought, year in and year out, until he had helped to lift their burdens.

Tiny Tim learned his lessons at the Christian Brothers' School and learned them in a flash. He was a queer one. Shorthand was a thing that hardly anybody knew, anywhere on earth, and yet by some strange way Tim got hold of a shorthand book and wrestled with it until he had learned it before he was fourteen years old. He the queer wan!

Before he was seventeen he left Ireland altogether, to earn his own living. At Newcastle, in England, his ability to write shorthand got him a job in the railway offices there. Years later, his political enemies, pretending that the job was that of a railway ticket-taker, jeered at him as "the ticket-nipper."

He was reading everything on which he could lay his hands that had to do with the political history of Ireland. He remembered everything he read. At seventeen he was secretary of the literary club to which the ambitious Irish youths in Newcastle belonged. Its "literary" studies mainly took the form of fiery speeches against British misrule. The next year he became Secretary of the Home Rule Association they got up. He was a born debater; and in Ireland to "debate" means you must both "bate" and "bait" your opponents.

But he itched to do more than vanquish boys like himself. On a day in 1874 he stole away to London and crept into the visitor's gallery in the house of commons, there to listen with burning eyes fixed on the great Isaac Butt as he made a speech for Home Rule. Tim was nineteen years old. When "Big Ben" tolled midnight, that night, high above him in the tower of Westminster, the boy had heard his first speech in commons—and was to hear and make them for forty years to come.

When he was twenty-two he went to London and stuck. His uncle edited a newspaper in Dublin, the Nation. Young Tim reported the speeches in parliament in shorthand and sent them to the paper. He became its regular parliamentary correspondent. Mornings, he read law.

He heard every debate in parliament and he came to know every phase of Irish politics backward and forward. He took as his hero the great Irish leader, Parnell, and his articles in the Nation championing the cause of Nationalism won him instant recognition and admiration.

And then he began using his tongue as well as his pen—the tongue whose biting reasm and merciless wit were to ma him the Tim known all over England and Ireland and America. He went back home and began making speeches, and when he was twenty-five years old one speech in the South of Ireland landed him in jail.

The penalty might have been both long imprisonment and public whipping. He was acquitted.

The same year, at twenty-five, he became Parnell's private secretary. It was probably the proudest moment in his life. The following year, when only twenty-six, he himself was elected a member of parliament!

One day soon after he had taken his seat in the house, Lord Hartington delivered a speech. Young Tim, representing County Wexford, Ireland, rose to reply. The members stuck their monocles in their eyes and stared. He wasn't much taller than a boy. He looked like a farm-hand. He pushed his shock of black hair back from his forehead with a clumsy gesture. Somebody guffawed.

And then Tim started to talk.

When he got through, there wasn't enough left of Lord Hartington's speech to wad a gun with.

He talked facts—and he couldn't be ignored.

That year—1881—he managed to get a clause into the Land Act which saved millions of dollars for the Irish farm tenants in rents. Tim's picture, torn from "the paper," went up on the shelf beside the peat fire in hundreds of cottages.

And the stories they told of him.

The little man never had any awe of any of the giants—Gladstone, or Chamberlain the elder, or Balfour, or Asquith, or Lloyd George or any of thim lads. He fought anny of thim to a standstill.

"Members of parliament," he once said, after thirty years of wrangling with them, "are not the extraordinary body of sacrosanct persons they imagine themselves."

"The right honorable baronet who has just sat down," he once said in the house, referring to a lanky cabinet minister who had just concluded an unusually offensive speech against Irish members, "reminds me of Pope's line—'like a tall bully lifts its head, and lies.'"

A roar of laughter shook the house and the cabinet minister said no more.

He opposed the British war upon the Boers. In the house one day, as though asking for information as to the cost of army operations, he meekly inquired:

"How many asses have we sent to South Africa?"

He was not always so gently ironic. At a directors' meeting in Dublin from which he had been asked to withdraw he jumped up and shouted:

"Don't make an ass of yourself!"

When a member of parliament attacked the National Irish League, saying that it was supported mainly by "criminals, dynamiters and murderers across the Atlantic," Tim threw the house into an uproar by shouting in reply:

"You're a liar!"

He was suspended for this, but the member was made to withdraw his statement. As a matter of fact, Tim was suspended time and time again. One of his milder statements was:

"Neither you, nor the Irish party, nor any human authority will secure from me a withdrawal of the words I used at Omagh or an apology for them."

Most of his public meetings in Ireland broke up in free-for-all fights after he broke away from his hero, Parnell, and all the leaders who succeeded Parnell in turn. He broke with Justin McCarthy. He broke with John Dillon. He broke with John E. Redmond. He broke with William O'Brien. He referred to Mrs. Kitty O'Shea, the woman for whom Parnell sacrificed his career, as "an English prostitute," and as a result was knocked down the next day as he walked into the Dublin Four Courts in his barrister's gown and wig by Parnell's nephew and horsewhipped fearfully as he lay on the ground.

At a speech in County Louth in 1900 he was mobbed, and at a meeting in Dundalk ten years later he had to be escorted to his hotel by the police. His silk hat was knocked off on the way.

(Continued on Page Two.)

COOPER-CARMACK FEUD

Murderous Bullet Upbuilds Prohibition Amendment.

STORY OF NOTABLE POLITICAL TRAGEDY

Cooper and Carmack Once Friends, Fall Out Over Whisky Question and Become Deadly Enemies—Killing of Carmack Leads to National Prohibition.

Chas. B. Parmer, in the New York World.

"The nose of Cleopatra—if it had been shorter, the history of the world would have been changed."—Pascal.

If "Angel Dunc" Cooper's head had been covered with thick, waving locks, one might be able today to buy a drink on Broadway and Main Street. But "Angel Dunc's" head was bald. And because the late Senator Edward Ward Carmack ridiculed that poll we enjoy the manifold blessings of prohibition.

Col. Duncan Brown Cooper, "a spark from the smouldering ashes of the old South," died recently in Nashville, Tenn. His death forever closed the Cooper-Carmack tragedy that split the South a decade and a half ago. But the Nation-wide prohibition that sprang from the ashes of the tragedy, we have with us.

When the South issued its call to the colors in '61, Duncan Brown Cooper, seventeen years old, of one of Tennessee's most aristocratic families, entered the Confederate army.

The stacking of arms in '65 found Cooper a battalion commander in "Hell Roaring" Forrest's cavalry. Only the bravest of the brave wore epaulets in that outfit, commanded by one of the most intrepid cavalry leaders America has ever produced.

"Dunc" Cooper had lived up to the traditions of his race and caste. He had fought the good fight. But the spirit of wanderlust, which seeps into many an ex-soldier's veins, entered his. In the early 70's he mined in Mexico. He built railroads in Honduras. He made and lost fortunes in the true cavalier spirit.

Back to the States. He began contracting in Washington. The foundation of the Washington Monument, left unfinished in 1876, was turned over to him to complete. Under the supervision of army engineers he twisted the structure around to square with the compass.

While the gay young cavalier was becoming intimate with Washington politicians and learning ways that are useful to men who would control the destiny of states, a little tow-headed chap named Ned Carmack was struggling through Caesar's Wars at "Sawney" Webb's famous preparatory school in Tennessee.

Supported His Mother.

Ned Carmack was the son of a poor Primitive Christian preacher who spread the Gospel near Castillan Springs in Sumner county. Ned's father died when the lad was three years old. When he could hold the reins Ned ploughed for neighbors at 25 cents a day and supported his mother through bitter years of poverty.

Carmack was one of Sawney's most brilliant pupils. The schoolmaster predicted a great career for him. Sawney was not disappointed. Carmack soon was reading law, and then practising it in a small town.

One night in the 80's, Cooper, to whom poker was the elixir of life, joined a group of friends in Mooney's saloon in Nashville. Mooney's was "Mooney's"—and no ordinary saloon. It was the hangout of the gentry, where gentlemen gamblers (there was such a breed once) consorted with plain gentlemen.

The stakes ran high that night. Old Lady Luck began to hover over Cooper's shoulder. Once she smiled quickly, and Cooper raked in a jackpot that would have bought Man o' War as a two-year-old. Cooper smiled easily, and asked if the gentlemen wished a chance to get some of it back?

Play Through Night.

They did. Throughout the night they played, with varying luck. Lawyers, doctors, judges, merchants, the cop on the beat, and a few journalists dropped in from time to time to see how matters were going.

"Dunc's raked in another pot," would be the word carried out to the front of the house, where the brass rail was being pawed by the night birds.

"Dunc lost the last one," would be the next message, as another whisky straight was h'isted. The bartender would smile ingratiatingly.

Dawn approached. A group of bleary-eyed men shuffled their cards. The gaslight was flickering in the thick tobacco smoke. Duncan Cooper looked at his cards. There was not the slightest change of expression on his face. But old Lady Luck, still hovering over his shoulder, smiled broadly. Every one anted-up. It was the last pot of the night. When that hand was played Duncan Brown Cooper would be either a wealthy man or dead broke.

Somebody raised. Without flicking an eyelash Cooper nonchalantly pushed a stack of chips toward the centre of the torn green cloth—and yawned.

Some one called.

Cooper threw his cards down carelessly.

"You win, Dunc," a hoarse voice said.

Chips worth thousands of dollars passed to Cooper's side. One player owed $175,000—and didn't have a cent left with which to liquidate his indebtedness.

"I own the controlling stock in the Nashville American—it's yours," he said, or words to that effect.

And that was how Col. Duncan Brown Cooper became the publisher of one of Tennessee's most prominent dailies.

Cooper had already served in the state legislature. But he found more fun in pulling the strings that made political puppets dance than in being a puppet himself. He became a political boss of gigantic power, his paper his chief instrument.

Prestige of Family.

He had not only the prestige that went with influence but also that of family. His wife was a cousin of President James K. Polk. One brother, Edmund, had been private secretary to Andrew Johnson; another, William, was Chief Judge of the Tennessee Supreme Court, and Harry Cooper was also prominent in politics.

Cooper knew the intricacies of the counting room, but he was no man of the study. The American, a flourishing daily, needed new blood to enliven its editorial pages. Some one showed the colonel a few editorials written for a paper by a country lawyer, Ned Carmack.

Cooper was quick to spot talent in them.

"Get that man on my paper," he ordered.

Up from Columbia came the gawky lawyer, clad in homespun. That was in '86. His editorials attracted attention. So did his clothes. A brother worker gently hinted one day that the man who could write such powerful editorials should dress the part accordingly. So Ned Carmack went to a tailor, and under careful tutelage soon flowered like the lily of the field.

Cooper and Carmack became boon companions. The older man admired the mental traits of the youngster, who was beginning to ripen. Carmack also had served a term in the legislature, and his tongue was running his pen a close race for laurel wreaths.

Cooper became a national figure in inner political circles. He spent much of his time in Washington, where he was admired by President Cleveland and Democratic leaders, who realized the power he held down South. The years were beginning to tell on the cavalier. His locks began to thin. Duncan Cooper was becoming bald.

Carmack was blossoming into virile manhood. He had learned the ways of the world. In 1889 he founded the Nashville Democrat, and when it was merged with the American he became editor-in-chief. In 1892 he was made editor of the Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Carmack was another Henry Watterson—with a bit more vitriol in his ink bottle, and less of the milk of human kindness in his bosom. Where Cooper was the suave cavalier, Carmack was the dominating master of men. Cooper let other men carry out his wishes. Carmack began to carry out his own.

Wins Congress Seat.

In 1896 Carmack defeated for congress in the 10th Tennessee Congressional District Josiah Patterson, another famous old warhorse of the reconstruction period. Carmack's flights of oratory made him famous throughout the state. But where Cooper made only friends, and those the kind that clung to him with tentacles of steel, Carmack made friends who would die for him and enemies who would readily have killed him.

The wheel of political fortune turned and Carmack was sent to the United States senate. That was in 1901, Roosevelt had just thrown his hat on the White House sofa, and was beginning to show his teeth. Carmack had just tasted real power, and was beginning to discover the lash hidden beneath his tongue.

And Col. Duncan Brown Cooper was becoming a little more fat, a little more opinionated, and—a little more bald.

Cooper loved a man who was a fighter. That may have been one of the reasons for his attachment to Ned Carmack. It also accounted for the admiration that he began to feel for Theodore Roosevelt. Roosevelt was a Republican—but also a fighting gentleman. Cooper expressed his admiration for him openly, and eventually put his legs under the president's hospitable table.

Down at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue Carmack watched "Dunc flirting around the White House." He couldn't stomach Roosevelt, and for Dunc to go salaaming in that door was too much for "the Hot-spur of Tennessee politics." No doubt he told Duncan just what he thought of it.

Every one knows that Carmack didn't hesitate to say in the senate what he thought of the president. One day, he arose and said dryly:

"Mr. Roosevelt reminds me of a horse which I owned as a young man down in Tennessee. In some respects he was a pretty fair kind of a horse. But he had only one gait—that of running away."

Roosevelt's skin was as tender then as it ever was. The barb sank deep, and the man who shot it was never forgiven.

But he wasn't the only man to feel the lash of that tongue. Carmack said this of Gen. Funston. "He is the jayhawker brigadier of the windswept plains, the mightiest Sampson that

(Continued on Page Six.)

FLAG OF THE STATE

Origin and History of Famous Banner.

HOW THE COLOR CAME TO BE BLUE

Sergeant Jasper Won Glory By Replacing It on Fort Moultrie—It Was Famous in the War With Mexico, and in the Civil War No Other Flag Inspired More Martial Spirit.

By James Derieux

At the outset of the war between the American colonies and Great Britain, two regiments of South Carolina troops were holding a fort on an island protecting Charleston. This was in 1775. It so happened these soldiers wore blue uniforms, and on their caps was a silver crescent. They had no flag at that time, as the fight with Great Britain had just begun. William Moultrie, who commanded the fort, was requested by the council of safety, an organization of leading citizens, to fashion a flag. In those days flags were much more used in war than now, because fighting was more in the open, and in other ways very different from modern war. So they had to have a flag, and General Moultrie decided that it should be like the uniforms and cap insignia of his men. This explains why our state flag is blue, and why that little crescent, looking like a new moon, is found in one of its corners.

There's a palmetto tree in the flag, too, but that did not come until later. In the summer of 1776, a British fleet attacked a fort on Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, and the result was a disaster for the fleet. That fort, later named Fort Moultrie, was built of Palmetto logs, and those logs stopped the shot from British cannon. The result of the fight was soon known all over the state and everywhere people told the story of how the Palmetto logs withstood the fire of the enemy. And that's the reason the figure of the Palmetto tree was put in the center of the flag.

All of this was before we had a national emblem. The colonial troops of the thirteen states in the Revolution used their respective state banners for quite a time. In those days our forefathers were fighting for liberty more than for union, so the various states were more important political units than they are now. Not until the Civil War, or the War of Secession, or the War Between the States—just as you prefer to call it—was the question of union finally decided. Since that war the state flags have not had their old-time prestige; though, of course, they will never be dispensed with.

This flag of ours, with its fine colors and pretty design, has had a career that is not surpassed by any other state banner. It waved in triumph over forts and over field troops in the Revolution. It waved again in victory in the war of 1812. The Seminole Indians learned to fear it in the Seminole war. And in our war with Mexico in 1848, the Palmetto flag was the first to be planted inside the fortress of Mexico City. That was a bloody fight, and one of the greatest honors our flag ever won was to be first inside the Mexican's stronghold. It was carried there by the Palmetto regiment, made up of South Carolina troops.

The curious and interesting feature of the history of our flag is that it was once a national banner, for South Carolina was once an independent republic. That was between the time we seceded from the union and entered the Confederate States of America, a matter of a few months, beginning late in 1860 and ending early in 1861. After much discussion back and forth between the house and senate, it was finally agreed on January 28, 1861, that the flag of South Carolina, an independent commonwealth then, should be the blue field, with white crescent and white Palmetto tree. Soon afterwards we entered the Confederate states, and once more the banner, so familiar to us all, became a state flag. And after the war was over the Confederacy defeated and the union reestablished, the same flag remained as the distinctive insigna of this state.

So many are the stories of fights for this flag, fights around it, and other events in which it participated, that one could not attempt to tell them all in anything short of a book. So we shall take only a few of the stories more or less commonly heard about the Palmetto state banner.

In the fight between the British fleet and Fort Moultrie, the flag was shot down and fell outside the enclosure. A sergeant, William Jasper by name, leaped over the walls of the fort, picked up the flag and under heavy fire coolly replaced it on the fort. South Carolina did not have a governor then, but a president, and this president, John Rutledge, presented his own sword to Jasper in appreciation of the heroic deed. There is now a county in the state named Jasper in commemoration of this Revolutionary fighter.

In the revolution South Carolina had a navy, and, of course, the Palmetto flag was its emblem. In this navy was a ship, known as the Frigate South Carolina, and reputed to be the greatest ship then afloat. It was commanded by a South Carolinian, Commodore Gilliland and its exploits while operating under our flag were famous far and

(Continued on Page Eight.)